Brag. A most acute Iuuenall, volable and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweete Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is returnd.

Enter *Page* and *Clowne*.

Pag. A wonder Maister, Heers a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no salue, in thee male sir.
O sir, Plantan, a pline Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no Salue
sir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought,
my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to rediculous smyling: O pardone me my starres, doth the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for *a salue*?

Pag. Do the wise thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *salue*?

A. No Page, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure presedence that hath tofore bin saine.
I will example it.
The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes being but three.
Ther's the morrall: Now the *lenuoy*.

Pag. I will adde the *lenuoy*, say the morrall againe.

Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Pag. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
And staied the oddes by adding foure.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my *lenuoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: woulde you desire more?

Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let

Let me see a fat *Lenuoy*, I thats a fat Goose. (begin?

Ar. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument

Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then cald you for the *Lenuoy*. (in,

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan, thus came your argument
Then the boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goose that you bought,
and he ended the market.

Ar. But tel me, How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

Pag. I will tell you sencibly.

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*, I will speake that
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within, (*Lenuoy*.
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O marrie me to one Francis, I smell some *Lenuoy*,
some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie.
Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained,
captiuated, bound.

Clown. True, true, and now you wilbe my purgation,
and let me loose.

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in
lewe thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this
significant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honour, is rewarding
my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Pag. Like the sequell I. Signeur *Costard* adew. *Exit.*

Clow. My sweete ouce of mans flesh, my in-conic Iew:
Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O that's the latine word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuration, What's the price of this yncle?
i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? it carries it remuneration: Why? it is a fayrer name then French-Crowne.
I will neuer buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may
a man